

# THE TWO OUTSIDERS,

And the Misunderstanding Between Them.  
BY E. H. CLOUGH.

The clerical-looking gentleman and the bearded borderer were the only passengers on the Carson stage, seven hours out, en route to Bodie. They occupied the upper seat behind the driver, and the tenor of the conversation indicated that there was a slight misunderstanding between them—a misunderstanding that neither of them seemed capable of gathering up the threads of—a skein that was momentarily becoming more and more tangled as some new phase of the subject under discussion was broached.

"When I was there," the clerical gentleman was remarking, "the vineyard was in a deplorable state."

"The vineyard?" interrupted his bearded companion.

"Yes; the Lord's vineyard, I mean; the weeds were—"

"Hold on a minute, stranger," exclaimed the other, hitching in his seat, and turning so as to face his companion "hold yer hosses. I ain't much on this parable palaver, an' I come mighty nigh givin' ye the lie on that vineyard bizness, 'cause ye see, there ain't no sech 'ithin five miles o' the camp. Maybe there's a few down to Salt Lake, but nobody ever was fool 'nough to think o' speculating in vineyards 'round my neighborhood. But it's all right now; I've cottoned to the right o' the case, an' I'm drawin' my sights onto Lord's vineyards."

"As I was saying," resumed the other "outside," "I found the field of labor in a deplorable condition. The weeds had long since choked the wheat, and tares were flourishing with a luxuriance that might well sadden the heart of the most earnest husbandman. Human sacrifices were frequent in the interior, and barbarous executions for the most trivial offenses were of weekly occurrence along the coast. I attended one of these executions, and if I am not too tedious in my narration I will relate the circumstances of the horrible affair. Are you agreeable?"

"Go ahead, o' man, I'm listenin'." I like to hear a man tell a good one while he's at it," and the bearded passenger hitched back to his former position and asked the driver for "a chaw o' that nigger heel."

"Well, it appears that the unfortunate man was condemned to death for poaching on the King's preserves. They had adjudged him guilty, and sentenced him to be beheaded, and a more pitiable wretch it has never been my misfortune to contemplate as he passed out of prison into the open court where he was to be executed. He was made to kneel and bend his neck, after which the executioner dipped his hand in a tub of water, and drawing his middle and forefinger through the sand upon which the doomed man was kneeling, applied them to the naked neck of the shivering wretch, leaving a broad and distinct mark at which to strike. He then raised his great double-edged sword, and with one blow the head fell from the trunk, while the great stream of blood crimsoned the sand."

The clerical gentleman paused in astonishment. His fellow-passenger was staring at him with a strange expression upon his sun-browned features, which the narrator at first imagined was the result of intense interest, but which he gradually observed was produced by a disgusting disbelief in the statements which he had just been making. He cut himself short for the purpose of allowing his hearer an opportunity of relieving his overcharged mind, knowing full well that if he did not the bearded man would explode and render the situation decidedly unpleasant, to say the least. The man of the border made a great effort to control himself, and in a tone plainly indicating that he forced a calmness he was far from feeling, simply to "clinch" the man who sat beside him, and prove to the grinning driver that no man could with impunity "put up a josh on him."

"That's the frozen truth, is it, stranger?" he asked.

"Every word I have uttered is the truth. I witnessed the sickening specta-

cle in the broad glare of a tropical sun, and I did not lose a single movement in the barbarous tragedy," answered the other "outside."

"What's your line?" abruptly asked the man with the beard.

"My profession?"

"The same."

"I am an evangelist—a missionary."

"Oh, you're a preacher, eh?"

"A minister of the gospel—yes."

"What shop?"

"Shop?"

"Yes; which track are ye travelin'—how's yer baggage checked?"

"I don't believe I understand you."

"No? Well, what church are you swearin' by?"

"I am a Baptist."

"Good enough; Baptist goes. You say you was on the missionary racket w'en you saw all this?"

"I was engaged in the task of attempting to convert the heathen from blindness, and teaching him the path he should follow to obtain everlasting glory."

"Heaven is good, too, but wait a minute, an' I'll tackle that remark. What I want to know, was you given those heathens, ez you call 'em, the true bizness on the ten commandments?"

"I was inculcating the divine law which Moses received amid the thunders of Sinai."

"Kerrect; an' maybe ye give 'em the bizness about liftin' a man w'en he calls ye a liar?"

"I did not counsel violence under any pretext whatever; on the other hand, I taught them that fighting was sinful."

"Kerrect again, stranger; yer workin' 'n' 'round to my side o' the shanty, an' I guess I'll fetch ye into camp purty soon. Ye told 'em lyin' wasn't a squar game?"

"I told them that a liar could not hope to be saved."

"Tol' 'em a liar couldn't hope to be saved? You saw that duck git down on his narrer bones?"

"I saw the criminal kneel down—yes."

"Ye saw the other 'ith a two-edged sword make mud, an' plaster the back o' the doomed wretch's neck?"

"I did."

"Ye saw the sword-sharp chop his head off?"

"Yes."

"Say, stranger, look here. I reckon I've got you tighter'n a Mexican chinch. I'm thinkin' you've tangled yerself up in yer own lariat. What year was you out thar, an' how?"

"I went out in 1874, but, my friend, I can't see what you are trying to accomplish by this question and cross-question."

"I'll show ye afore I git through 'ith ye. I'm agoin' to prove to this yer driver o' this yer stage that you can't show down the hand yer claimin' ye hold. I'm agoin' to show that yer givin' me a game."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"No? Well, 'spose I give ye dead away on the sword racket, fust? 'Spose I was to say thet ther' ain't nothin' bigger'n a sixteen-inch bowie in the hull camp? 'Spose I was to come down to cases, an' said ye lied about that mud bizness? 'Spose I was to bring proof thet no man in the camp ever hed his cabesa cut off below the ears? 'Spose I was to bring a hundred men to back me in the statement thet hangin' was all the go, w'en it was a vigilante racket, an' thet nobody ever died out thar 'ceptin' from hot lead an' col' steel? 'Spose I was to do all this, what kind of a game would ye gi' me then? I tell ye, stranger, I've been thar, an' I'm posted, I am, I'm the best posted man this side o' Denver, an' ye can't play it very low down on me much!"

"Do you doubt my word, sir?"

"No, I don't doubt yer word; but ef ye'd put a little more solid stuff into what yer sayin' I'd be more likely to take stock in yer yarns!"

"My friend, I fear you are attempting to beguile me. I fear that you are imposing upon a stranger in a strange land. I am not accustomed to your peculiar manners and customs; and you should not take advantage of me in this abrupt and unceremonious way."

"I thought ye 'lowed ye'd been thar."

"Where?"

"In Shyann."

"Cheyenne! Not at all. I never saw the place. I thought you understood from the first that I was a missionary to Siam."

"What! Siam? Well, I swear, I take it all back, stranger; I throw up my

hand. Shake, stranger, an' we'll call it squar." Shyann—Siam. They do sound alike, don't they?"

## A Clergyman's Sad Fate—Accidentally Shot.

[From the Detroit Free Press, Aug. 21.]

The Rev. Wilbur R. Tillinghast, rector of Holy Trinity Church, is dead. He was accidentally shot by a boy named James Wright, on Fox Island, below Grosse Isle, Tuesday afternoon.

Monday morning, Mr. Tillinghast, in company with James Wright, Robert Oakman and Leroy Sprague, embarked on a yacht and sailed down the river to Fox Island. On arriving there they set up a tent and made arrangements to camp out for the week. Yesterday forenoon was passed in arranging for a visit which a number of young ladies and gentlemen of the Holy Trinity Guild were to make to-day. Mr. Tillinghast was engaged in cutting some boughs and placing some straw about the tent shortly after dinner, or between 1 and 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Meanwhile one of the boys had taken Mr. Tillinghast's pistol from his coat pocket, which hung in the tent, and was shooting at a mark, when the reverend gentleman returned to the tent and said:

"Boys, don't shoot now. When I have time I will teach you how to shoot with a pistol. Besides, you must not shoot carelessly around this island; they keep nitro-glycerine here."

It appears that one of the other boys also had a pistol, and Mr. Tillinghast asked him to put it away.

James Wright, a boy about 15 years of age, who had Mr. Tillinghast's pistol, was about to put it away when it was in some way accidentally discharged, the bullet striking Mr. Tillinghast just under the left shoulder blade and coming out near the heart.

"Are you shot?" cried Robert Oakman. The unfortunate man made no reply, but walked around the tent twice with his eyes upturned, and finally fell into Robert Oakman's arms. The frightened boy laid his face close to his pastor's and begged him to speak to him. The dying man moved his lips feebly, and murmured:

"Tell Jim I forgive him." He closed his eyes, and in two minutes he was dead. One of the boys had already jumped into the boat and was rowing toward Amherstburg for a doctor. Two physicians returned with him, but the minister was past all earthly help, and the examination showed that the cruel bullet had severed the aorta, and that speedy death could not have been prevented.

With heavy hearts Robert Oakman, James Wright and Leroy Sprague, who had been joined by Darius McLane, constructed a raft and towed the remains of their friend and pastor behind a row boat. At Grosse Isle a dispatch was sent to Maj. Franklin Harwood, of this city. "Accident to Mr. Tillinghast. Come," was all the knowledge it conveyed, and the Major, in company with Dr. Young-husband, started for Grosse Isle at 6 o'clock. The remains were brought to this city on the Canada Southern train at 8:15 last evening. From the depot they were taken to the undertaking establishment of George W. Latimer, on Lafayette Avenue, and the task of communicating to the family the sad news devolved upon Dr. Younghusband, the family physician.

The particulars with reference to the accident were learned from Robert Oakman, who accompanied the remains home, leaving his three companions almost beside themselves with grief on the island. To-day was to have been a gala day with the young people of Holy Trinity Guild, many of whom were to have visited their pastor in camp on the little island. Now all is changed to lamentation.

The commercial statistics of Norfolk, Va., show its importance. There was \$1,751,645 worth of truck shipped from that port during 1878; the oyster trade reaches the value of \$350,000, and gives employment to 2,500 people; as a peanut port it ranks first, and as a point for cotton shipment third among the cities of the Union.

Sponge Cake: Take five eggs (beaten separately and very light), one cupful of powdered sugar, two teaspoonfuls of vinegar, and one cupful of flour, with half a teaspoonful of baking-powder mixed in it. Stir the flour in slowly, and do not stir much after the flour is all in. Bake in a moderate oven.

## What an Old Engineer Says About Running a Mile a Minute.

"How fast do you think we are traveling?" Charley Fraser, one of the oldest engineers of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway, asked a *Sun* reporter as they were standing together on the foot-board of Locomotive No. 309, rushing over the meadows toward Rutherford Park.

"I should think we were going nearly a mile a minute."

"A mile a minute!" said Fraser. "I doubt if you ever rode a mile a minute. Few locomotives have driving wheels over five feet, and I have my doubts if a five-foot wheeler can be pushed a mile a minute. People have a very erroneous idea of the speed of railroad trains. We are not going now more than 35 miles an hour, and this is very fast. Few trains make this speed. The passengers in the cars would think we were going a mile a minute sure, if I was to pull out the throttle so as to send her 40 miles an hour. The express trains make no such time as the local trains. Where we lose is with so many stops. No man could stand on a platform car and face the wind going a mile a minute, and live. The breath would actually be blown out of his body. You couldn't count the telegraph poles going a mile a minute. Talk to an old engineer of that rate being made by a passenger train, and he would laugh. I made a mile a minute once, however. It was when I was but 18 years of age. I was an engineer then, in charge of a fine six-foot-wheel locomotive. There were a lot of railroad moguls on board, and the object was to make the best time we could. They were to ring the gong when the speed was a mile a minute. thought we were making it for some time before the bell rang. At length, on a down grade, with a full head of steam, when we were spinning along as if we were all going to destruction, and the motion of the piston going over the center could no longer be distinguished, the bell rang. We had reached the rate of a mile a minute. It was the fastest I ever rode, before or since. I tried hard to make a mile a minute on subsequent miles, but lacked it three or four seconds every time. I couldn't squeeze another mile inside of the sixty seconds. When you hear a man telling about riding in a passenger train that ran a mile a minute, don't say any thing, but mentally scratch off a good allowance." —N. Y. *Sun*.

Burgundy Pitch Plasters: Dissolve together four ounces of beeswax and four ounces of yellow resin. Add to this two pounds of prepared Burgundy pitch; stir into the mixture two ounces of olive oil, and one ounce of almond or palm oil. Allow it to simmer until all the ingredients are well incorporated; then turn in three tablespoonfuls of boiling water, to allow it to mix more easily. Spread it upon pieces of kid, and wear it on joints affected by rheumatism, and on the loins for lumbago. If afflicted with weak lungs or bronchial affections, spread a piece of kid with it, and wear across the lungs and chest. It will keep good for years, merely taking out a piece with a heated knife and spreading it by keeping the knife hot.

Between 4 and 5 in the afternoon the Pope takes his walk. At this time no one unconnected with the court is admitted to the Vatican. Leo walks with long strides, his imposing figure becomingly draped in the simple, majestic Pontifical robes. He precedes the rest of his suite, as if he desired to rest in solitude after the long day of his public duties. He never uses the rustic seats provided by his gardener, Salvatore, but stands for some time before the lattice of his aviary, smiling at the golden pheasants and fan-tailed pigeons with the benevolence of a Francis D'Assisium, and then strides on, penetrating the thicket which occupies a large part of the garden.

The man who refuses to spend his money liberally is called stingy and mean. He who spends it liberally is spoken of as a spendthrift, who must sooner or later bring up in the poor-house.—*Detroit Free Press*.

If your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt, and it will help it very much.

By a new law the French Post-office undertakes the collection of small bills in the provinces.